

# A QUEER ADVENTURE

## The Colorado Man's Journey to New York.

### A 19TH CENTURY EXPERIENCE

Robbers and Good Samaritans—The Conventions and New York—Milliners—The Honeymoon Guest.

(Special Correspondence of the SUNDAY HERALD)

Half an hour ago a man left the city, whose story is like a chapter of Bret Harte with an intermingling of Ragged Dick.

He was born in New England and promptly chased out of it by consumption. He went to Colorado where the wife of his youth died. Two young children he sent back to his father's house, and dug and dug at the mountain side till the unresponsive rock grew ashamed of his stony heart and opened to him a vein of rich ore, assaying \$100 to the ton, or to the ounce or something or other, I don't just remember which. Then a company was formed, capital being ready, to assist in the development of his "find." Gold, silver, copper, even tin, are in the neighborhood, but the greatest of these is silver. And so he started east to buy machinery.

On coming down out of the high altitudes he was promptly taken ill and was carried from the cars to a railway hotel, where he lay two weeks at the point of death. He got up finally, thin and cadaverous looking, but eager to press on. The last night of his stay a man walked into his room and made away with all his money except \$1.30 in change. He borrowed a little money of the landlady, who had to borrow it herself—but westerners have hearts—left his luggage as security against his host's protest, and came to Pittsburgh, where he had a friend. The friend was out of town. Then he telegraphed to the president of his company for funds to be sent to New York, and came on his journey. But his mine was twenty miles from railroad or telegraph. Without so much as a change of clothing he stayed in New York three days, sleeping in flower-lounging houses and living on air. Then, in despair of delayed remittance, he appealed again to a stranger and was promptly provided for the journey to his father's home in the country.

Misfortunes did not cease. The stranger who loaned the Colorado man money had been obliged to make it up partly in silver, being a little short himself. The miner had had no breakfast, nor dinner, nor supper, and as he tried to board a moving street car bound for the station, he stumbled and fell in very weakness. The money was clutched tightly in his nervous hand, and as he fell the dimes and quarters rolled in every direction. He recovered the bills easily, but they were short of the required amount, and no amount of searching would reveal the coins.

There was nothing to do but stay another night at a cheap lodging house. He had no watch to pawn, the friend had relieved him of that. In the morning, ashamed again to face the man from whom he had just borrowed money, he sent him a district messenger with an apologetic explanation. Five dollars was promptly returned to him and he scarcely breathed again until he was on the train bound for home.

This story is absolutely true in every detail. Funny scraps for the owner of a rich silver mine, wasn't it?

THE STORY OF A CLOCK.

Inspired by the laudable wish to do a kindness to one of his blood, a venerable citizen, giving his affairs a deathbed settlement, added to his last will and testament this clause:

And to my beloved granddaughter, Laura, my sitting room clock.

A little after he was buried to his fathers and now sleeps the sleep of the just.

Some days after the funeral, some members of the family sent the clock to Laura's father at his office, not deeming any formal necessary about so small a matter. The clock was an ordinary machine made about 1870 when new \$8. It had been in use about a dozen years.

Laura's father hired a boy to carry the clock to his home in the suburbs, at the total expense of about a dollar and a half, including car fare. That was the beginning of the trouble.

It seems there was something very irregular in carrying off a legacy before the will had been proved, and the believed granddaughter was cited to appear by a guardian specially appointed for the occasion and to assist at the proving. The summons came just as the poor man was getting his business in shape to start for a week's trip to the Catskills. Accompanying the paper was some sort of an affidavit from which he was expected to fill out, make oath to before a notary and return. The day set for the probate came just in the middle of the suffering father's mountain week. Of course he ought to have stayed at home, but he was so sure of his guardian, attended the probate and accounted for his clock somehow or other. But his wife was waiting for him at the station. Catching up what he supposed was the affidavit blank he best a hasty exit. In a minute or two a boy came running back with this hastily scribbled note:

Find that d-d clock affidavit and send it to me and call up the lawyer by phone and fix things somehow.

Evidently the guardian and father of the girl who got the clock, who is not usually profane, was getting excited and had lost his affidavit. But it was no where to be found on his desk until some hours later. Meanwhile, the office boy had spent half an hour at the telephone, which was working very badly, trying to call up the dead man's supposed lawyer, only to find out that he had nothing to do with the case and didn't know who had.

Now the suffering hero of this tale fully expects to be arrested for contempt of court, but he swears he won't go near the probate court about that old clock; no, not if they put him in prison. He is done with it.

NEX MILLINERS.

Nobody would have supposed that the men dressmakers of New York would stop at the tailor-made gown; and they haven't. That was merely an amusing beginning. But from being a lady's tailor to becoming a lady's dressmaker is not so very long a step. Plenty of men have taken it, and there are now in the American city a large number of would-be imitators of Worth and Felix. A queer sight it is to see a great chap, big enough to kill oxen, holding up a dainty film of lace and silk in his hand, and struggling hard to make it appear that the French phrases he so liberally uses are in his native tongue, despite his potato mouth.

The most famous of the ladies' tailors is unquestionably the one who proudly boasts that he is honored by the patronage of Queen Victoria; but he has plenty of rivals. One of these men recently overheard some one asking if one of his patrons had not ordered her summer wardrobe from Paris. This lady declares that the dressmaker is now so proud of the implied compliment, that he is as imperious as the Czar and puts on the airs of a Napoleon.

It's a queer world. Women blacksmiths and dentists, and barbers and men maistakers would have astonished our great grandmothers.

A HONEYMOON GUEST.

John Burroughs, on these rare occasions when he comes out of his shell and visits his fellow mortals, is the most genial and kind of literary. If it were anyone else than he this story would be surprising.

A wedding in which literary New York takes a keen interest will take place in about ten days, and will unite one of the cleverest of women writers and editors to a man editor equally clever, and the happy honeymoon will be spent at a cottage in the mountains, with John Burroughs as a guest.

A third party at a honeymoon! It is unheard of! But even so. The lady in the case has Mrs. Burroughs in the mountains, and his kindly eyes and hair, gray with the snows of sixty years, and his talk of birds and beasts has made her wish to see more of him, which her ex-pectant husband shares. And as literary people laugh conventionally to scorn, why not? I think a honeymoon could be spent very pleasantly hearing John Burroughs talk about squirrels in his own beloved mountains.

A BROOKLYN MAGNAN.

Joseph P. Knapp, whose fatal illness in Paris has been announced, has been known for years as a self-made man, who was exceptional in retaining an interest in those less fortunate or less persistent. Perhaps he held in peculiarly kind regard artists of all kinds. His own business was lithography, the photographer painter, Sarony having been at one time his partner. His home in Brooklyn is, in spite of its plain exterior, one of the most attractive in the country. Pictures of merit line the walls, and there is fine frescoing and detail work everywhere. The crowning glory of the place is the music room, which was built some dozen years ago, during Mrs. Knapp's absence in Europe, and it awaited her as a complete surprise upon her return. The room is in the shape of an octagon, with high ceiling and columned frescoed sides. A fine pipe organ, a grand piano and all manner of smaller musical instruments are here gathered. Mrs. Knapp is a composer of merit and has taken the keenest delight in the room. Here too, have come, from time to time, statesmen and soldiers like Grant, Cleveland, Sheridan and Slocum, singers like Emma Thursby, artists, sculptors, musicians almost without number.

The shadow over this home darkens a pretty wide area in Brooklyn and New York.

NEWSPAPER BRIDES.

J. G. Holland, in one of his novels, drew a picture of a newspaper man who, after interviewing a rich rascal, coolly pocketed \$30 as the price of writing him up favorably. As a caricature such a man might do very well, but too many might be inclined to take him for a type. There are such newspaper men; fewer now than ten years ago, but they are very scarce. Here is a folio as well as knavery in offering money to a reporter. Even supposing him a scamp—which he isn't—he hasn't the power to alter the policy of the paper. He hasn't even the power to suppress news without running the risk of dismissal for getting "beaten" by other papers.

The folly is committal. A physician of some repute once endeavored to slip a crisp bill into the hand of a reporter whom I knew.

"Give my paper a good show, can't you?" he whispered. It was at a medical convention.

The reporter held up his hand with the bill upon it in the sight of all, then slowly tilted it till the bill slid off to the floor, when he remarked with a Chesterfieldian air: "Sir, my profession has a code of ethics, if yours has not."

I have known a man, caught in some nasty scrape, who tried to buy off the managing editor by a big bribe to refrain from publishing the affair by the munificent offer of \$2. I have known a deacon who always offered \$1 to everybody who came to report his minister's sermons.

Newspaper men expect to have some queer experiences.

WHY NOT NEW YORK?

It is said by politicians that both parties will make a strenuous effort to get the national conventions of 1892 called in New York.

This city has in the past always been handicapped by its lack of any hall sufficiently big to hold the noise of a political convention. The lack has been filled. Madison Square Garden is one of the most beautiful amusement buildings in the world and the main hall is a noble room where 10,000 delegates and spectators can roar to their hearts' content when the "favorite sons" are named.

The New York boom will be aided by two or three powerful circumstances. Chicago has had more than her share of big political conventions lately, and the World's fair, will more gracefully resign her claims to the conventions. Besides, talk as they will of Democratic gains in the west and republic in the south, shrewd observers still look upon New York as a pivotal state. So it's not unlikely the spell binders and windmills will swerve in New York next year. And really, though its location isn't exactly central, it is otherwise convenient enough.

A BUFFER FOR KICKERS.

I met a man in a life insurance company who looked tired. He told me he had great difficulty about sleeping at night and was pretty nearly broken up. Wonder ceased when he told me he was a kicker.

"You know what a host of members we have. Of course a fair proportion of them kick occasionally about something. Every kick comes to me to be straightened out. I dictate sixty letters a day to kickers. I must thoroughly understand every case in order to consider it intelligently. There is no running and hiding with me. I am the life insurance business. The mental strain of such a task is something enormous."

"Why do you stay there?" I asked.

"My dear boy," the life insurance man replied, "I was never so near to a lot of millions before in my life, and I'm going to stay right where I am. Who knows what might happen? There's a big chance of promotion in such an office."

AN AUGUST DISGUISE.

Upon the elevated platform I saw a lady rather plainly clad in a brown satteen dress, her features thickly veiled. The veil is unusual, worn so as to partly conceal the face. I glanced at it and perceived more curiously than I ought. Some peculiarity of gesture, person or movement presently betrayed in her lady whose house on Fifth avenue is as elegant as it is costly, whose receptions rise to the dignity of a salon and whose costumes are free and adorable in the language of Worth.

Now why should such a woman as that be disguised? Being on August 1st is it a crime?

OWEN LANGDON.

When you go to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla, be sure to get the one with an inferior substitute. Insist upon Hood's.

SPECIAL TRAINS FOR GARFIELD

Labor Day, September 7, 1891.

Commencing at 10 a. m. trains will leave Salt Lake every hour, to and including 7 p. m.; and returning, will leave Garfield on even hour until as late as 12 o'clock midnight.

LOOK HERE, CHAWLEY.

What kind of meeting is that at the Temple of Honor hall to-morrow evening? Don't chortle-know, that's a gathering of the Sons of St. George. All Englishmen belong to it.

OPENING OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

All of the public schools of this city will open on Monday, September 7. Last year's pupils should present themselves, with their cards of promotion, at their accustomed places, and all new pupils should go to the school nearest their residence, where if they cannot be accommodated they will receive transfers to other schools.

J. F. MILLSPAUGH, Superintendent.

Garfield Tea for costiveness and piles.

# TALK OF SERVANTS

## Stories that are More Good-Natured than the Average.

### BESIEGED BY TWO HUNDRED

She Could Say "Salt," and Bait a Fire—A Woman who Has No Difficulties.

The great question of the servant girl is discussed more generally in vacation time than at any other season. Last spring's trials are over and those of this fall have not begun. It was in the indulgent mood of the summer holidays that a woman said on Saturday, swinging in a hammock under a big oak the while, to the boarding agent:

"I cannot imagine why people should take the ground that servants are scarce or hard to obtain, or why they should eternally point to the kitchen as the one field that is lying fallow and is ready for energetic cultivation."

A WIDOWER'S EXPERIENCE.

"There is my husband's brother-in-law, a young lawyer, a widower with one child. He advertised for a housekeeper the other day—guess how many applicants he had for the situation?"

"Twenty," said a woman who has no children.

"Ten," said a woman who has four or five.

"Two hundred," answered the first speaker, quietly.

"He hasn't had much experience, and didn't appreciate what a desirable place it was from the housekeeper's standpoint. The advertisement asked applicants to call at his office on such a morning. I believe it was last Tuesday. He rode quietly down town that day as usual, expecting to find two or three middle-aged persons awaiting him. You can imagine his surprise at finding a stream of women of all ages, sizes, complexions and nationalities pouring into the office."

"The elevator was full and the upper hall was choked. Mr.—'s room was crowded, and his partner had been obliged to throw open the one next door."

"As he looked his way in Mr.—'s surprise changed rapidly to dismay. But he is a man with a head for emergencies. He climbed upon a chair. Then he made a speech to the spectators with paper, he told them he couldn't deal with such a number, but if they would leave their names and addresses he would write to such of them as he wished to confer with. One of the clerks took page after page of names, in spite of the fact that a good number, seeing there was no hope for them, turned at once and went to the door."

THE HOUSEHOLD RATE ASSEMBLY.

"And how did he make his selection?"

"He found a stack of letters from candidates for the place, so many that he didn't attempt the task of reading them. They went one and all in the waste paper basket, and he took a woman who hadn't applied at all, but who was recommended by a number. But if they would leave their names and addresses he would write to such of them as he wished to confer with. One of the clerks took page after page of names, in spite of the fact that a good number, seeing there was no hope for them, turned at once and went to the door."

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# POINTS

## Every Married Man and Woman Should Know.

Home is or should be the dearest spot on earth to you. Is it bright, cheerful and comfortable? It should be. If it's not, you alone are to blame. No matter if the husband's salary is small; if you use a little judgment it don't take much money to have a well-furnished home nowadays. Are you going to house-keeping? Here is some sound advice you will do well to consider: Don't buy cheap or shoddy household goods. It don't pay. Can't afford to buy anything else? Wait a minute; that's a mistake. Now, if you only have a few dollars to start with, the VERY WORST MISTAKE you can make is to pay it all out for Furniture, etc., and have nothing left for a rainy day. Sick-ness or accident may stop the salary. What have you to fall back on? You have a prejudice against buying on credit? Whether you are right or not depends on WHAT YOU BUY and WHO YOU BUY FROM. Because your father and your father's father paid cash it is no reason why you should when it is to your interest to buy on credit. Keep out of ruts; they become so deep from constant travel that you can't see over the sides, and you miss half the pretty things in life. In this enlightened age, when any one can go to an immense establishment where Furniture, Carpets, Stoves and Household Goods of every description (at all prices) are sold, taking only a small part of his savings (leaving the rest to draw interest in the bank), and without giving security or interest--without paying any extra charge--can have his home furnished completely, as elegantly or as plainly as he may desire, paying for it in small weekly or monthly payments. There is no real reason why every man earning a fair salary should not have a bright and cheerful home and keep his savings in the bank at the same time. In a case like this is it not much better than to pay cash? THERE IS AN ESTABLISHMENT HERE IN SALT LAKE CITY SECOND TO NONE IN THE UNIVERSE, WHERE THEY GUARANTEE TO SELL YOU ANY ARTICLE OF FURNITURE AS CHEAPLY AS YOU CAN BUY FOR CASH.

They agree to carry your account for a reasonable time if you are sick or out of work, hence

Whose Fault?

Is it your fault or the boy's that Young Hopeful doesn't understand the meaning of the word he has encountered, or knows nothing about the man of whose actions he has been reading? The boy comes to you while you are deep in the real estate reports, and you are annoyed at the interruption. Does not part of your annoyance arise from the fact that you don't know yourself?

The whole trouble, both for the boy and yourself, would be avoided if you had an Encyclopedia in the house—a good, one that is: Like many other people, you have not such a work, and you say, with considerable justice, that you have been unable to afford the purchase of one. That was true in the past but is no longer the case. You can buy the

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